

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



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INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE HOME OF THE LIBERTY BELL.

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Liberty Bell—the Old and the New.

About the year 1490 B.C. a statute announced a Jubilee, or Liberty Day, in the following stately words: "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*"

During the year 1753 A.D. a bell, brought from England for the Old State House, Philadelphia, was found to be cracked. It was re-cast and placed in position, retaining the same gracious announcement,—"*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*"

On the Fourth Day of July, 1776, that bell, ever since honored, saluted American Independence.

On the 11th day of September, A.D. 1893, at the opening of the Parliament of Religions, at the World's Exposition, the representatives of the chief religions there represented in turn struck a new bell, as, after his own faith, each invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon the entire human family. This new bell had been cast from twenty-two thousand free-will offerings of gold, silver, national coins, personal jewelry, swords, and cannon, and whatever honored sacrifice and valor, and bore about its rim, "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*"

Two additional mottoes from the New Testament, as the first was from the earliest

Hebrew Records, served to concentrate all the elements that would insure the purest liberty:

"*Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men.*" and,

"*A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.*"

The suggestion was made that at noon on each Independence Day, and on Washington's Birthday, all bells throughout the land, which summon to labor, school, or divine worship, be rung together, at a signal from those in charge of the great Liberty Bell.

Its voice echoes the grand announcement of thirty-five centuries ago.

Beacon Lights of Patriotism.

For The Beacon.

The Party.

BY FANNY ADAM WILKES.

It had been winter such a long time, and the children were so accustomed to looking out upon a snow-covered world from the nursery window, that they were a little surprised when one morning they awoke, and found that during the night the snow had been turned into slush and puddles, and the quiet street had become a rushing stream. A day or two later when the children went out to play, they came running back into the house again to tell the news.

"Mother!" they called, "it's getting summer in our back yard!"

"It is?" exclaimed mother. "I am so glad."

"You can see the grass,—really and truly. Come and see, mother."

"I saw a robin red-breast this morning," announced Constance, joyously, "and he spread his wings to me 'cause I had on my red sweater. I guess he thought I was a robin red-breast, too." Constance fairly doubled over with laughter at the idea, and mother said:

"I shouldn't wonder a bit. I think myself that the resemblance is quite striking."

Then they all went out into the back yard where it was "getting summer." But it was two weeks later before the crocuses dared come up at one corner of the veranda, and even then they looked frightened to death. Constance's birthday came the day after the crocuses blossomed.

"May I have a party on my birthday, like Sallie did, mother?" she begged, the day before the event.

"A little one. We will ask a few of the children on our street to spend the afternoon and take tea with you and Edward."

"Oh! And will we have ice-cream, mother?"

"Yes, ice-cream, and a Mother Goose Show, beside."

"Really, mother? Oh! I know, I saw you making those funny rag dolls with the long noses. Was that Mother Goose?"

"Yes. And now," said mother, putting on her hat, "I must go out and invite the children for to-morrow."

"Bonnie lassie Jean, did you hear what mother said?" cried Constance, picking up her red-haired Scotch dolly. "I'm going to have ice-cream to my party, and a Mother Goose Show! Won't that be the goodest fun?"

The next afternoon, at exactly three o'clock, the door bell rang, and the first of the birthday guests arrived. They were two small roly-poly boys, with their party clothes on.

"Hello, Alec!" greeted Edward and Constance. "Hello, Billy!"

The next time the door bell rang, it was an unexpected guest.

"It's little Jack," announced Edward, coming up behind mother. "Come on in, Jack." And he came.

Now Jack had on his old clothes, and he felt more at his ease than the rest. No sooner had he arrived than the depressing stiffness wore off. The birthday girl, however, sat upon the couch holding a precious new sewing basket, which the boys had failed to appreciate. Two little girls were the next arrivals. They were also unexpected; but they explained that Constance had told

them to come to her "birthday" if they wanted to, and so "the party" grew.

"I wonder why Teddy Brown does not come?" said mother,—he was one of the invited guests.

"Oh! I know," cried Edward. "He's afraid! I could hear him cry way out in the street, that he didn't want to come,—and his mother was trying to coax him."

As Teddy did not arrive, mother announced that the "Mother Goose Show" was about to begin.

The children sat in two rows of chairs and faced the folding doors, where a shawl had been pinned across. Over the top of this appeared the long-nosed puppets of Mother Goose, Simple Simon, Dr. Foster, and the rest, and which in some wonderful way mother, standing behind the curtains, made move and act upon her hands. The children fairly shrieked with pleasure over their antics, while one of the roly-poly boys and the birthday girl fell off their chairs in the excitement and merriment. So absorbing was the performance that no one noticed the face of a small boy, whose eyes were red with crying, peeping out from under the couch. How he got there without being seen no one even guessed. When the dolls had made their bows and disappeared, he drew back under the protection of the couch again.

"Mother!" cried Edward. "Please have it over again, it's too short."

"Oh, yes! More, please!" they all cried. So the performance was given once more. This time the boy under the sofa forgot himself completely and laughed aloud! It happened that at that particular moment the other children were silent, and the effect was startling.

They all bounced around in their chairs with one accord, and were amazed to see a round yellow head disappear beneath the couch. In another moment, however, Edward had dragged the unwilling guest from his hiding place, and there stood Teddy Brown, looking as scared as one of the yellow crocuses trembling at the corner of the veranda. But after Edward had put his arm protectingly around his shoulders and talked with him for a moment, Teddy forgot his shyness and enjoyed the party as much as any one.

When the children sat down at the supper table, they were as merry as a company of sparrows; and the birthday cake with five glowing candles was reflected in ten pairs of happy eyes. In the centre of the table stood a little bowl of crocuses looking quite brave and contented. Whenever one of the children was asked if he or she would like more cocoa, brown bread, or ice-cream, they almost always answered, "Yes, if you please"; and Teddy Brown's face fairly shone, and he grew very brave as he sat beside Edward, who never forgot to look after Teddy Brown's plate.

The party was a great success. At six o'clock all had gone home—except Teddy Brown. He could scarcely be coaxed to leave.

"Did you have a good time, Teddy?" asked Edward, when at last the small boy was persuaded to get on his overcoat and hat; and Teddy nodded his yellow head vigorously, and departed with shining eyes.

"Let us have a party every day!" said Edward and Constance when mother tucked them into bed that night. And Constance added laughing:

"I think Teddy Brown had the best time

of anybody, don't you, mother?" But mother answered:

"I think Edward did, because he tried to make Teddy happy."

*All who joy would win
Must share it;
Happiness was born a twin.*

BYRON.

The Seasons.

When springtime comes a-glancing, a-prancing, and dancing,

It breathes upon the meadow-lands, and makes them fresh and fair;

When birds and bees it's bringing a-winging and singing,

It scatters buds and blossomings and beauties everywhere;

And it's heigho, for a frolicking when spring is in the air!

When summer days come glazy and hazy and lazy,

Then it's at the brook or river side you'll find the greatest fun;

For it's in the water flashing, and dashing, and splashing,

Then out again upon the bank, and drying in the sun.

Oh, the happy, happy holidays when summer is begun!

When autumn winds come spying and flying and sighing,

Then it's nutting time, or squirrels spry will surely get your share.

You can hear them go a-scattering, a-pattering, and chattering,

The greedy little fellows! There's enough—and some to spare.

Oh, what merry times a-picnicking when autumn's everywhere!

When winter snows come sifting and lifting and drifting,

Then it's gliding swift across the ice, unheeding slip or fall;

Or it's down the hills a-posting—what coasting and boasting!

And then some fort bombarding with the snowy cannon-ball.

Oh, here's three cheers for winter, 'tis the jolliest of all!

St. Nicholas.

I should sum up the characteristics of Washington as embodied in a high mind. It was a high-mindedness free from meanness, low tastes, low purposes, petty schemes, and dishonesty of mind or action. The difficulty in enforcing the example of such great men is that young men think of them as something remote, unattainable,—different from themselves. It is only a difference of degree. The responsibilities and opportunities of every young man are the same, so far as duty and character are concerned, although they may be less in magnitude and in the public eye. There is not only no reason why he should not be just as true, just as brave, just as persevering, just as honest, and just as high-minded as Washington. On the contrary, there is every reason why he should be all these, because he has the illustrious example of Washington before him, and lives in an age and time which call for the very highest manhood.

JOHN D. LONG.

For The Beacon.

The Young Surveyor.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

It was in the month of March, more than a hundred and sixty-five years ago, that a boy of sixteen, with a companion four or five years older, set out on horseback upon a surveying expedition in the woods and wild lands of Virginia. To this youth Lord Fairfax, a wealthy gentleman and large land-owner in that region, had entrusted the responsible and important business of exploring the vast domain. The land laid between the head waters of the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers, and extended towards the Alleghany Mountains. It was to be surveyed, laid out in lots, and the characteristics of the various sections noted.

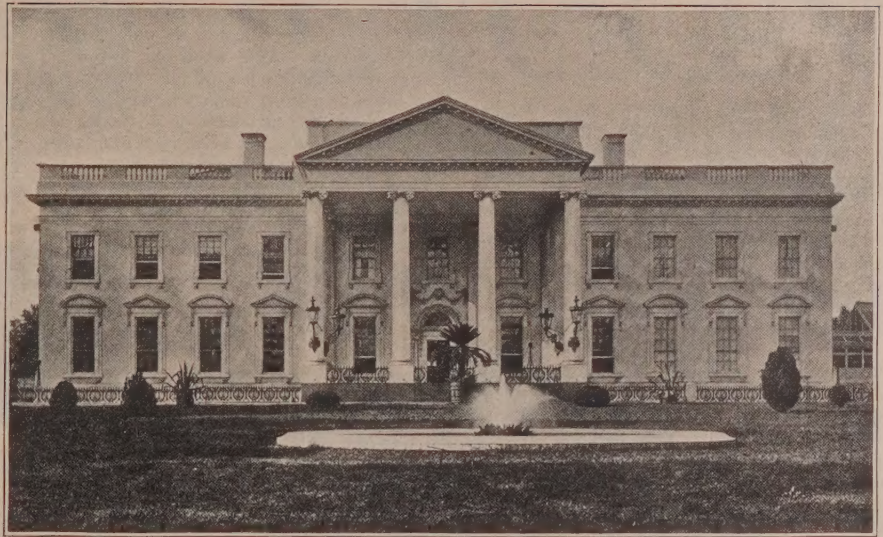
Of course, he had to have a number of men to help him, some to carry the chain and compass, and some to cut the trees, and others to care for the camp and provide the necessary food. In fact, it was quite a party that accompanied him. How was it that one so young came to have so important a commission entrusted to him? This lad had made good use of his time at school. Although he enjoyed play as well as any boy and engaged in it heartily at proper times, in the hours for study he had devoted himself quite as earnestly to that. He had become deeply interested in surveying and laying out parcels of land in the neighborhood of his home, and he kept his "field books" as carefully as if his work were an important transaction, instead of a mere school exercise. In this way he had attracted the attention of the rich old nobleman who had employed him for this service.

This surveying expedition occupied a period of several months, and was more or less hazardous and adventurous. The young surveyor and his companions were out most of the time, by night as well as by day. At evening they rested around a fire, each one being his own cook,—using forked sticks for spits to roast their meat, and chips for dishes. At one time their tent was blown down; another, the straw on which the lad slept caught fire, and he was awakened just in time to escape being burned; and sometimes they were all drenched with rain.

They met occasionally with companies of Indians, and at one they encountered a party of thirty warriors returning from some expedition, bearing a scalp for a trophy. These Indians, at their encampment, cleared a space of ground, built a fire in the centre, around which they sat in a circle, and then to entertain the whites went through with some of the wild ceremonies of savage life, which were intermingled with frightful war-whoops and yells and hideous dances.

The task was accomplished at last, and the young man returned to civilization much profited by the adventure. It had been a useful lesson to him, and, unknowingly, was fitting him for a wonderful career. Lord Fairfax was so well pleased with his efforts that he used his influence in having him appointed public surveyor of Virginia. This conferred authority on his surveys, and entitled them to be recorded in the county offices; and so invariably correct have these surveys been found that to this day whenever any of them stand on record they receive implicit credit.

Have any of you guessed who this young surveyor was? We see him a noble, manly



WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

boy, with a character already established for faithfulness, energy, and truthfulness. A few years later he performed a brilliant part in his country's service during the French and Indian wars. Still later he stood at the head of the armies of his country in the struggle for liberty. This having been obtained, and with it peace, he was placed in the Presidential chair. And in a few years more—his useful life ended—the whole land was clothed in mourning, and kings and nations expressed their sorrow at the departure of so great and useful a man.

In the capital city that bears his name, on the banks of the Potomac,—his river,—there is a tall white monument, the highest in the world, that the American people have built to honor his memory and his name. And in the cities and towns of America are stations and streets, and parks and schools and buildings named after him, and built because all the world knows that this great American general and President was the best, the noblest, and the bravest man that ever lived in all America,—George Washington, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Here, boys, is an example for you to imitate. You will not need to be reminded that on the twenty-second day of this month—February, 1732—Washington was born. But will you also keep in mind that, when a boy, he honored his parents, improved his privileges, loved his books, and, as he advanced in life, entered manfully and with an unselfish heart upon the great duties which devolved upon him; and best of all remembered, believed, and served his God?

Let a man fasten himself to some great idea, some large truth, some noble cause, even in the affairs of this world, and it will send him forward with energy, with steadfastness, with confidence. This is what Emerson meant when he said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." These are the potent, the commanding, the enduring men,—in our own history, men like Washington and Lincoln. They may fail, they may be defeated, they may perish; but onward moves the cause, and their souls go marching on with it, for they are part of it, they have believed in it.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

The Book of Memory.

My grandma has a curious book she often lets me see

When in the dusk I leave my play to sit upon her knee.

I cannot touch the book at all, but shut my eyes up tight,

While grandma tells the pictures, and I see them clear and bright.

I see the dear old farm-house, where grandma used to play,

The barn, with all the cattle, and the fragrant mows of hay,

The pets that grandma used to have, and all her queer old toys,

And the little country school-house, full of merry girls and boys.

And there are other pictures, too, which make my grandma sigh;

She says I must not see them now, but wait till by and by;

But, though she thinks they're far too sad to show to little me,

She's sure they all look brighter when I'm sitting on her knee.

My grandma says I'm making a book to be my own,

And that I'll often look at it and smile when I am grown;

And then I'm sure the picture that I'll like the best to see

Will be myself, a-sitting in the dusk on grandma's knee!

H. G. FERNALD, in *Young Days*.

Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected,—a police in citizen's clothes,—but are rewarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

EMERSON.

The thing to seek is not the good time, but the spirit which can make good times out of common time,—the spirit of good cheer,—the spirit of good cheer that is the spring in the hills whence laughter runs.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

For The Beacon.

Links and Loyalty.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Once, in a great factory, a huge weight was being lifted high above the ground. A chain was fastened to it, and the other end was wound around a revolving drum. Slowly the weight ascended, and the men beneath thought their work had been well and safely done. But, just as it reached the highest point, there was suddenly a sharp snap, and, before the men beneath could get out of the way, the weight crashed down and killed several of them by its fall.

Then it was discovered that the chain had broken, which, of course, was the principal danger to be avoided. But the main thing with which you and I are concerned in thinking about links and loyalty is that all the links were unbroken *save one*. Just one of the hundreds in the chain had given way, and yet the breaking of the one was enough to make all the rest useless and to bring about the accident and death.

And there are any numbers of instances that you might tell me of that were just of the same kind. One of you loses a locket, and you find that just one link was broken or forced open. Another loses a watch, and finds the reason exactly the same. Not a day passes but some one loses something because of the broken link in a chain.

Every broken link ought to teach every one of us a lesson. There is ever the danger that we may ourselves become the broken links in the human chain and let some one fall into peril. For every life is a link in the chain of humanity, and upon its loyalty to the rest of the chain everything depends.

No life lives alone. Have you ever read the words of Paul, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself"? He meant that all of us were bound to each other, just as the links are bound together in a chain. No link could say, "I live to myself." It does not; for, if it breaks, the whole chain breaks also. It cannot, and neither can we.

The link must be loyal to the chain, and we must be loyal to all the other people who make up the chain of human life. To be disloyal and to let go always means injury to some one. The boy who does wrong thinks it is his own affair, but he is very much mistaken. He has done an injury to all the rest. To be good is a duty we owe not only to ourselves, but to all mankind.

The chain is just as strong as the weakest link in it. You know that is perfectly true. If one link could lift two hundred pounds and another link could lift only two pounds, all the chain could lift is but two pounds. The weakest is the one that counts most.

This is true of every chain, whether of steel or of life. You remember that Judas, who was the weakest link in the chain of the disciples, was the one who betrayed Jesus to his death, and destroyed the good intentions of the other eleven links. The others were loyal, but powerless.

In every chain of friendship it is the same. One friend's lack of loyalty will destroy joy. Your cross word or your mean deed to the one who calls you friend is enough to spoil all the joy that other friends would give. And you know yourself how that, when one whom you have trusted has not been loyal, it hurts, and hurts hard.

In the family chain loyalty is needed most

of all. We are all so closely bound together there. Every one depends so much upon every other one. And, when one boy does wrong, it ruins the joy of all the family. How often in a court room you will see the sad faces of the members of a family in which some one has not been loyal and true, and has broken the link and the law.

So let us be loyal to the other links. They are depending upon us to hold our firm grip upon the truth and the good and the right. Let it not be said of us that we were the weak links that gave way, and brought pain and loss to others. Let us be loyal.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the best method of calling a school to order?

It may be stated, as a general rule, that the least noise made in calling a school to order will secure the best results. Handbells may be used in safety if used quietly. In Hingham, Mass., Mr. Cornish's Sunday school has installed a set of beautiful tubular chimes, which are rung at the beginning and close of the school in such a way as to be a direct contribution to the spirit of worship.

A simple and effective method is for the officers and teachers to have a clear understanding of the way in which the school is to be opened; then let the superintendent enter the desk at a given moment and lift his hand, at which signal all teachers should rise. At this point some Scriptural passage might be recited by one or all together. At a second lifting of the hand the entire school might rise and another Scriptural passage be repeated, after which a hymn might be sung. During this brief opening service the doors of entrance should be closed and guarded, so that late-comers would not interrupt. After the singing of the first hymn the doors might be opened a moment for the entrance of those who had gathered, and again closed while the service proceeds. The essentials of a good opening are beginning promptly and proceeding immediately in an orderly fashion to a distinctly devotional service.

At Burlington, Vt., Mr. Staples has introduced a ceremony of flag-raising at the opening and closing of the school. Two flags are used, the Stars and Stripes and a school flag, mainly of white, but with a blue union on which is a red cross. As these flags are raised, the school rises and repeats a pledge of loyalty to the State and Church. At the close of the school the process is reversed, the scholars standing while the flags are lowered.

These opening and closing moments in a school are of extreme importance. It is not necessary, however, that they be so long as to encroach upon the time that is needed for the lessons. A moment of absolute silence may give a reverent tone to an entire session.

If I do what I may in earnest, I need not mourn if I work no great work on the earth. To help the growth of a thought that struggles towards the light, to brush with gentle hand the earth stain from the white of one snowdrop,—such be my ambition.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

RECREATION CORNER.

WINTHROP, MASS.
January 23, 1911.

Editor of the Beacon:—

Dear Sir,—I am sending you the answers to Number 16. I am eight years old, and I am in the third grade in school. I enjoy the puzzles very much. My father and mother help me work them out.

Yours truly,

MURIEL THELMA DORR.

ENIGMA XXIII.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 9, 11, 4, 12, is the opposite of hard.

My 4, 2, 9, 13, is a closed hand.

My 11, 1, 3, is to possess.

My 1, 6, 3, 8, 6, 7, is a boy's name.

My 5, 10, 6, is frozen water.

My whole is the name of an American General in the Mexican War.

HEDWIG M. FALLER.

ZIGZAG.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell an annual holiday.

1. A preposition.
2. To bellow.
3. To cleanse.
4. To desire.
5. A continent.
6. Soon.
7. To encircle.
8. A tiny particle.
9. Astir.
10. To consume.
11. Industrious.
12. To aid.
13. Image.
14. Dry.
15. To quote.
16. To throw with violence.
17. Constructed.
18. A university.
19. To connect.

ANAGRAM.

A famous story-teller:

SHINE STAR AND SNARE CHIN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 19.

ENIGMA XX.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

FLOWERS WHICH GREW IN GRANDMA'S GARDEN.—(1) Phlox (flocks); (2) bachelor's buttons; (3) lady's delight; (4) tulips (two lips); (5) snowball; (6) forget-me-not; (7) larkspur; (8) stock; (9) Solomon's seal; (10) thyme (time); (11) four-o'clock.

ENIGMA XXI.—William Ellery Channing.

RIDDLE.—Chair.

During Roy's first year in school he came home late one afternoon. "I was kept in," he exclaimed, "and it was all the fault of that thermometer. Just wait till I get to be thermometer, and I'll report her for laughing in the line."

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